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LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY

—Mr. Joe Carr and family have moved to the Shea property, on Stanford street.

—During the storm last week several pieces were torn from the elegant election booths in the Park. The town trustees will have all damages repaired immediately.

—Benge & Hamilton have about completed their new livery stable and will open up for business this week. A fellow would have to travel a long way to find two better hostlers than Rice Benge and Jim Hamilton.

—Communion services were held at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning, conducted by the regular pastor, J. R. Terry. In the evening the annual meeting of the Garrard County Bible Society was held at the Methodist church.

—The question as to what paper in Kentucky is the original "Cleveland journal" promises to create as much interest as that of who killed Cock Robin, who struck Billy Patterson, who killed Tecumseh, who was the youngest soldier who entered the army and who planted the first flag on the top of Haiti's Gap. Among the contestants for this honor our friend and townsman, M. D. Hughes, while editor of the Central Kentucky News, on the 8th of Nov. 1883, nominated Grover Cleveland for the presidency and had a venerable but saucy rooster just above his name. It would therefore be just as well for the press to concede this honor to our townsman and let him rest easy on his laurels; and if there is any good thing lying around loose in the shape of pie, let it be tendered to him as soon as the running gear of the machine is in working order.

—If the excellent advice given by the *Interion* to the office-seekers would be endorsed by the press generally, it would have a salutary effect upon those who seem to have gone wild in their anticipations of positions under the next administration. This is no new thing, however, for what is popular known as "patronage" has been the rock upon which many vessels have stranded, and in the minds of many the offices constitute all there is worth fighting for. As a general rule the best men do not enter into a scramble for place, in view of the trouble incident to a contest and the uncertainty of the tenure by which it is held, if obtained. A government position is one not easily procured; there is no certainty as to its duration, for the power that appoints to-day can remove to-morrow, and without being required to give any reasons therefor. It disqualifies the incumbent to a certain extent for business in the ordinary vocations of life, and when set adrift he finds it difficult to obtain other employment, even though he may be ever so efficient. Naturally adopting the rule of "come easy go easy" very few have ever been known to save any of the money realized from their salaries, and nine out of every ten come out poorer than when they went in. The advice of those who have been in positions to know is to every young man to steer clear of government offices and seek some steady business, that is not dependent upon the fluctuations of politics. The question now with most of the seekers is, "What will I take?" but by the middle of next year it will be "What can I get?" Much valuable time will be lost in the chase for positions and where one is successful he will be disappointed. Those having the appointing power are to be pitied, and our Congressman, who is now sailing upon the "briny deep," may congratulate himself that for a short time at least he is beyond the reach of letters asking his assistance for office.

—The steamer *Rosa Lee* was destroyed by fire at Memphis. The loss on steamer and cargo is estimated at about \$57,000. The steamer was insured for \$37,000 in the Louisville Underwriters' Agency.

—Amalgamated Association decided by a vote of 101 to 91 to formally declare the Homestead strike off. The contest lasted five months, cost the company, it is estimated, \$4,000,000, the strikers half that sum in wages, and last, but far from least, 35 deaths.

—John Yearly, of Estill county, was feeling good over the democratic victory and rode up to the house of William McIntosh, a republican, and yelled for Cleveland. He then began to tantalize McIntosh, who in retaliation shot him through the hip.

—Henry Villard, of Wall street, tendered a banquet to President-elect Cleveland, Thursday evening, which political gossip think had a good deal of significance. Some prophets said that Mr. Villard wants to be secretary of the interior. Many persons think that he aspires to be minister to Germany.

—The Hutton family seems destined to be wiped out by the festive mule. C. W. Hutton was kicked Friday and will die. His brother, Abe, was killed by a mule team running away in West Virginia, a few days ago, and his father was thrown from a mule and killed, near Hinton, W. Va., just three weeks ago. One brother still lives and he is driving a mule team in Ohio.

DANVILLE.

—After a long and dangerous illness Mr. Hubert McGoodwin is now thought to be improving steadily.

—Hugh Tarkington, son of Geo. Tarkington, of this county, who has been ill four or five weeks of typhoid fever, is now thought to be in an almost hopeless condition.

—Mr. Jerry Wade, son of the late R. C. Wade, of this county, died in the West End, Friday night, of consumption and was buried at Perryville Sunday. Services by the Rev. J. C. Gilliam of the Methodist church.

—Mr. C. A. Blandford, agent and telegraph operator for the L. & N. railroad at Parksville, and Miss Sallie Brown, eloped to Jellico, Tenn., Sunday night and were married there Monday morning. The bride is the youngest daughter of Dr. W. A. Brown, of Parksville.

—Rev. J. W. Powell, for 12 years stationed at Sattillo, Mexico, as the head of the Southern Baptist Mission from the United States, was in Danville Sunday. At the conclusion of the services at the Baptist church \$445 was raised as a part of a \$250,000 missionary fund to be raised by the Baptists in the United States.

—Louis Cohn, formerly of Danville, is a candidate for post-master at Middleboro, where he now lives. Mr. Cohn is a thorough democrat and a capable business man. He has been a hard worker for his party and deserves the reward he seeks. His many friends in Danville and Boyle county wish him success.

—Mr. B. J. C. Howe, of Indianapolis, who put up the Stanford water works, was here Friday in conference with a committee of the council in regard to furnishing Danville with a supply of good water for all purposes. He went to see the famous spring on the farm of the late Dr. Jackson and is of the opinion that more than a sufficient quantity can be obtained there. Mr. McLeod, of Louisville, another water works expert, will be here Monday or Tuesday.

—The Louisville Times published Friday a portrait (?) of Miss Mary Belle Engleman, of Danville, one of the maids of honor at the recent Sattillo ball. The picture may look like somebody on the face of the earth, but bears not the slightest resemblance to the young lady it is intended to represent. It seems as though the gifted artist of the Times may have reached into a basket of photographs and taking the first one his fingers touched, made his engraving from it and called it Miss Engleman.

—Marshall Groves, a colored man of good character, who has been employed at the D. & D. Institute for a number of years, became highly excited if not crazy, Sunday morning at precisely 10 o'clock, and threatened to cut his throat. He had a razor and a big knife through whose aid he expected to depart for the beautiful shores. His friends took charge of him and watched him closely until towards evening when he became quiet. The cause of Marshall's trouble is that his sweetheart, Mattie Carr, to whom he had been engaged for a long time, and whom he expected to marry in a few days, had gone back on him and threatened to marry another man. At least Marshall heard that she had so threatened and as he had built a new house to take his bride to and made other preparations for his anticipated bliss, her alleged unfaithfulness turned him wild and there is but little doubt but what he would have carried out his threat. It is said that the parties met late in the evening and that the marriage may yet take place.

—Capt. E. W. Lillard has some fine old whisky which he sells for medical purposes and which has been disappearing a little faster of late than the prescriptions on file account for. Suspecting some one unknown of appropriating his goods, he, Friday evening last, drew a gallon measure about two-thirds full and placing it in the back part of the store, went to the front and awaited developments. In perhaps half an hour, while he and several other gentlemen were seated near the stove talking a rattling was heard among the glassware in the corner where the whisky had been deposited. Slipping back on tip-toe he could at first see nothing except the gallon measure. Approaching still nearer, he was surprised to see a huge Norway rat with his head and two thirds of his body in the measure and drinking away for dear life. Wishing to secure witnesses to his discovery he motioned to Col. Wilson Dunn and Dr. Wm. P. Scott to come to him, and coming, they saw the sad spectacle first seen by him. For fully ten minutes the degraded creature drank and drank until his hide would hold no more, and then so intoxicated had he become that in trying to get his body out of the measure and back onto the floor he lost his balance and fell headlong into the fire-water, where he would have died the death of the unhappy Clarence had not the gentlemen present come to his rescue. For some time after being taken out he lay in a drunken stupor and it was fully an hour before he opened his eyes and began to look around. When he arose to his feet he staggered shamefully, his inebriety

being patent to the dullest observer. The young man from Dundee, who by this time had come in, advised him to go home and go to sleep, adding, "I've been in your fix myself." But not the Norwegian had not yet made a sufficient spectacle of himself, so he continued to cavort around. He turned hand springs, tried to shout "Hurrah for shoe!" and misbehaved generally to such an extent that Capt. Lillard was about to open fire on him with a shot-gun, when probably taking the hint, he leaped through the open cellar door and disappeared.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

—J. B. Foster bought of J. H. Boone 50 ewes at \$4.

—R. Cobb, Sr., bought of Geo. Carter 80 ewes at \$3.50.

—Eggs are selling at 20 cents per dozen at Paint Lick.

—The owner of Moquette, 2:10, has refused \$30,000 for him.

—Fresh 4-year-old Jersey cow for sale. J. T. Hocker, Turnersville.

—Lillard & Cobb bought of Jos. Ballo 31,235-pound feeders at 3:10.

—S. D. Goff, of Clark, bought of J. Morris, of Midway, 84 feeding cattle at 3:10 to 3:15.

—J. W. Allen sold at Danville yesterday 21 short leanlings and 2-year-olds at 3 to 3:10.

—The Maury County, Tenn., Democrat quotes 15 to 16 hand mules, 4 to 7 years old, at \$85 to \$135.

—For Rent.—House and 6 acres in wheat and 12 to go in corn. T. M. White.

—John Linney, of Danville, is the father of 26 children, 20 of whom are living. He has been married twice.

—Southern California's orange and olive crop this year is most promising, while that of the lemons will be short.

—J. E. Bruce says it was 250 pounds in two months that he put on his dehorned cattle by feeding them corn and cane under shelter.

—The Lebanon Enterprise says that Mattingly & Co. bought 68 steers at 3 to 3:10 and 100 fat hogs at 4:10. New corn is selling at \$2.50 delivered in town.

—M. F. Elkin bought in this county a lot of 200 pound hogs at 4:10 cents; of Beasley Bros. a nice lot of heifers at 2:10, and of T. A. Cooter a fine cow at 2:10 cents.

—DANVILLE COURT.—About 50 cattle were on the market yesterday. Thirteen good feeders brought 2:37; 8 good yearlings at \$2; 100 sheep \$3.20; plug horses \$15 to \$40. No mules offered. Crowd fairly good.

—The Lexington Gazette reports sales of a car-load of feeding cattle at 3:05; 23 of 1,300 pounds at 3:10 and several other lots at 3 to 4c. It also reports sales of several car-loads of fat hogs at 5c, 60 stock ewes at \$4 a head and a lot of lambs at 4:10.

—B. G. Fox & Co. sold to Geo. W. Welsh a 4-year-old Harkaway gelding for \$250 and to L. H. Hudson & Co. two New York saddlers for \$435. The price for the new hemp crop here is \$4.50. A. G. Whitley sold to Owsley Evans 100 barrels of corn at \$2.25 at the shock.—Advocate.

—Wm. Moreland bought of J. S. Owsley, Sr., 54 1,500-pound cattle at 3:10 and of same 6 butcher cattle at 2c and an old ox for \$5. He bought of Jim Allen a lot of hogs at 4:05 and a lot of butcher cattle at 2:10. He sold to Capt. Vest 30 hogs at 5c and to J. B. Foster a lot of yearling steers at 2:10.

Whitelaw Reid has an eye to business. He contributed \$75,000 to the republican campaign fund, but the sequel proved that it had a large sized string tied to it. The \$75,000 had hardly got settled in the contribution box when Mr. Reid's paper, the New York Tribune, sent in a bill to the national committee of \$70,000 for advertising. Whitelaw, it will be seen, is only out \$5,000 on the campaign and Whitelaw is a millionaire. President Harrison is a poor man, comparatively speaking, and when he ruminates on his personal contribution of \$40,000 and then thinks of Reid's skintail transaction he must feel rather bitter against his late running mate. The republicans made a great big mistake when they dropped Levi P. Morton to pick up Whitelaw Reid.—Paducah News.

The worst of it is that the advertising spoken of was printing such speeches as that of Sherman and others of the party. Ordinarily newspapers take stenographic reports of speeches worth printing and gladly publish them for nothing.

Speaking of odd election bets. One of the very prettiest girls in town—how a man's mouth waters when he thinks of the girl and the bet—wagered a kiss against a dollar that Harrison would be elected. She lost, but in the five days since the result was announced the young man has not had the spunk to attempt a collection of the stakes. He put up his dollar in the hands of a maiden of uncertain age but certain homeliness. With a bright idea in her head the young lady kissed the old maid, and when the young man calls for his kiss he will be told to get it from the stakeholder.—Owensboro Messenger.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Mr. E. McWhorter and Mary F. Elliott, of Casey county, Ky., eloped to Jeffersonville and were married.

—We are informed, and reliably too, that Miss Tillie Hall, formerly of this place but now of Winchester, will be married next month to a Mr. Watterman, of Florida.

—Disappointed in love and not believing that there is as good fish in the sea as were ever caught, Rev. G. H. Harris, of Orange, Mass., drank a cup of cold poison and shuffled off his mortal coil.

—Peoria, Ill., is in the throes of a social upheaval. Mrs. Hawley, the wife of a prominent citizen, accused him of attempted murder and he brought suit for divorce against her, making 20 of the so-called best citizens of the town co-respondents in the suit.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—The revival conducted by Elder Spencer, of Winchester, at Lexington, has resulted in 66 additions at last accounts.

—Rev. J. R. Deering arrived yesterday afternoon and expected to begin a series of meetings at the Methodist church last night. Services at 10:30 every morning and at 6:30 at night.

—At Oklahoma, a religious fanatic, picked up a rattlesnake to demonstrate his faith. The snake bit him, of course, but the combined prayers of himself and followers didn't keep him from climbing the golden stairs.

—The Thanksgiving services will be held at the Methodist church Thursday morning at 10:30. The sermon will be preached by Rev. J. R. Deering. It is earnestly requested that all come and join in the services.

—Rev. George O. Barnes is coming to Frankfort to hold a series of meetings. Among other things he will talk about "The Lost Tribes." We are glad about this. Perhaps, during his researches, he may find an answer to the despairing republican cry of "where are we at?"—Capital.

—The protracted meeting at the M. E. church, South, continues with great interest and large attendance. So far there have been about 20 conversions. Bro. Wright has been assisted by Miss Emma Tucker, since the departure of Prof. Fogg. Miss Tucker is the organizer of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Kentucky Conference and has been a wonderful help in the meeting.—Jesamine Journal.

—Rev. W. H. Munnell has done a grand work as pastor of the Central Gospel Mission. He has already served in this capacity over eight consecutive years, and in six years past, holding an average of nine services each week, has not missed a single service. Hundreds and hundreds have been converted under his ministry. The converts of Central Mission are scattered far and wide, some in Scotland, England, Ireland and far Ceylon, as well as throughout the United States.

LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And stars to set—but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

Death is for mortals care;
Ever for dead meetings round the joyous hearth.
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But for all these, thou mightiest earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth and song and wine;
There comes a day of grief's overwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay;
And smile at this—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

We know when moons shall wane—
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea—
When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain,
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam—
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art round us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth to meet thee there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm, at rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and triumphs round,
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

From the selections of the editor's dear, dead wife, and printed in loving memory of her.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—Two freight trains collided on the Belt Line railway at Chicago. Three men were killed and two were seriously if not fatally injured.

THINK! OUR SPECIAL OFFER

Yes think; that is what we want you to do, when you read Special offers are chestnuts. The morsel of bread at your plate is a chestnut, still "Wouldst thou not hunger without it?" Listen here a few minutes:

Men's Hats 25c Full Kip Boots \$2.50

Ladies' Shoes, 35 cents and up; Standard Colicos, 5 cents and up; coffee 22½ cents and up; Dress Goods, Wool, 25 cents and up. We lead all in Finishings, R. R. Men's Supplies a specialty. We are headquarters for all kinds of

Groceries, : Hardware,

Tinware, Salt, Stove-Piping, Crockery, Queensware, &c., always on hand. Oh! what fine biscuits this

OBELISK FLOUR

Makes. Try it. We have Fish, Oysters and Celery every Friday and Saturday. We buy hides, furs, feathers, eggs, &c. Look out for our immense line of Xmas goods. They are coming to Rowland. All kinds of fine Queensware, Decorated Lamps, &c., &c. Candies, cakes, fruits, &c. Give us a call before buying, as we can save you money. Respectfully,

STEPHENS & KNOX.

Stanford Female College.

J. M. HUBBARD, A. M., President.

Fall Session Tuesday, September 6th, 1892.

Full corps of Conservatory and Normal School teachers. Superior courses in Literature, Music and Art. Excellent boarding department. Catalogues and circulars furnished on application.

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Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give me call.

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Proprietors of The

STANFORD LUMBER YARD,

Office and Yard Depot Street, Stanford, Ky.

TO THE PUBLIC

Having bought out the remnant of the stock of John B. Foster, I am now disposing of it at less than cost in the basement of Severance's store, preparatory to

Opening Out a Full Stock of Groceries, Hardware, Stoves, &c.,

In the new storeroom of Mr. Withers, now nearing completion. I am agent for and have on hand the Oliver Chilled Plows, Studebaker Wagons and the Dicks Famous Feed Cutter. It will be to your interest to give me a call.

J. K. VANARSDALE.